

Poetry Series

Ado Bashir
- poems -

Publication Date:
2014

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ado Bashir()

I Am A Black Man

I am certainly no monster
Or your regular con trickster
Obviously am I not a mistake
Worth labouring for a low stake

For I am just a black Man
Who does daily what I can
To walk without fear or anger
Against all currents to my alter
I neither hasten upon my journey
Nor hesitate to hold your trolley
For I am just the black Man
Who does daily ALL that I can.

Ado Bashir

Kingdom's Wind

I seldom often truly see
The unseen souring winds
Walk through my kingdom
In their low traversing flow
But comes that teething time...
When I being kingdom's king
Desire an innate taste to know...
Thus summon all bowing trees
Just near my kingdom's home
To so confess of all they knew
Of the mission of the winds...
Whereon they whisper to me
Of where these passing winds
Will of a certainty go today
And indeed where from once
These winds were coming from...
For I am king of my kingdom's wind.

Ado Bashir

Ramtha's Gold

We soon beheld a sudden spark
Yet far arc across a night so dark
Placed it's bait on an only quest
To all the world who came in haste
And thus laid all their harvests there
As all soon so ventured closely near

Where Ramtha smiles as darkness fades...
Wiped all away it's shadowed shades
When Ramtha smiles she only knew
The feast was end by morning's dew
Ramtha! Ramtha! ! he called to her
As heavens poured upon all Daraa

Still yet I feel that soothing smile
Pierce my sky on the Red Sea's trail
While since I searched upon the world
For just a glimpse of Ramtha's gold
Etched to a wall from outer space
To dare all who aim to take it's place.

Ado Bashir

The Bear

The Torch Bearer is gone
Far beyond our horizon
As for you I shed no tear
Where Africa lures my fear
Will there be another shed
Whereon she lays her head?
Answer me O' Madiba
will there still be light
So blinding my friend
when by night I reach
your tunnells end?

Ado Bashir

The Option

Choose peace
Lest We cease.

Ado Bashir

The Wild Muse

I am nature's companion
Faithful friend of her universe
In constant and erie adoration
Of her wild poetic aberration

Before the men are all gone
I knew that I am not alone
When unblemished I cherish
The evenings they are all gone

When again I lay in ambush
For that one faintest flicker
Of the mysteriuos wild Muse
To capture, for my future use.

Ado Bashir

What We Are

The Goats graze around
The Slaughter house
From time to time
Because they just ever
Don't know a thing

But then again
They are goats afterall
And they're not supposed
To know a Destined thing

But from time to time
Before the busy Butcher
Comes around some
Vultures hang around
Because they know a thing
But maybe nothing more

But then again
They are vultures afterall
So they ought to know
From time to time
Atleast a thing or two

For We are what we are

Which is why I wonder
Even from time to time
That maybe one goat in all
Before its Time did got a hint
But that was just a thought.

Ado Bashir